

COLONEL HILL'S PICTURESQUE LIFE OF ADVENTURE, AS OUTLINED IN THE DIARY HE KEPT.

1834—When 8 years old, employed as a mill hand in New York, a miller, whose death occurred a few weeks later, was the cause of his being sent from the river by friendly Indians.

1844—Walked barefooted most of the distance from New York to Illinois. Worked as a painter and carpenter. Drove in an ox cart to Wisconsin and became a timber cutter.

1854—Moved to Kansas as a "squatter." Lived for a year in the wilderness with a dog for his companion. Only saw human beings on two occasions. Traded for a store at Cotton Falls.

1864—Engaged principally in horse trading. 1865—Private in the Union Army. 1866—Colonel of the Tenth Kansas Infantry. Came to St. Louis and

transferred from New York to Illinois. Started business as head of the wholesale grocery firm of Hills, Purley & Co. Purchased an interest in the Cattle Tobacco Company.

1883—Made a trip around the world. In Jerusalem he was attacked by a Moslem mob. Fell into a well and sustained injuries which made him a cripple for life.

1898—Sold out to the Tobacco Trust and retired, a millionaire, his home, No. 5065 Lindell boulevard, being one of the handiest in the West. The death of Colonel Hill occurred a few weeks ago.

"Charlie" Hill, from an old daguerrotype, made soon after he came West from New York State.



COLONEL CHARLES S. HILL'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH



CHARLES S. HILL IN 1882

Photograph taken in Constantinople at the time of his thrilling experience with a Turk in 1882.



Residence of Mrs. Charles S. Hill, No. 5065 Lindell Boulevard

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The life of Colonel Charles S. Hill, capitalist, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was replete with adventures, perhaps the most thrilling of which occurred after he had risen from poverty, had passed through the wilderness, and become a millionaire. This was in 1882, when he was making a tour of the world.

In Jerusalem he stumbled into a crypt containing hundreds of corpses. Grappling his way out of the place he found himself in a mosque where the Moslems were praying. Upon discovering Colonel Hill a mob of murderous knaves set upon him, and in his flight through the streets he fell into a well, from which he was finally rescued by Turkish soldiers.

The result of that experience was an illness which produced paralysis, and for twenty years, up to the time of his death, he was wheelchair-bound in an invalid's chair. His recovery, however, permitted his condition to blight his business energy or to affect his good humor.

In 1834, when 8 years of age, "Charlie" Hill was employed as a "mill hand" in the woolen factory of his father in the southwestern part of New York State. At 14, barefooted, he trudged across the country to Illinois. There he worked as a painter, carpenter and timber cutter.

Two years later, in 1844, he had accumulated enough to purchase an ox team, with which he drove to Wisconsin, in the forests of that State he wedded the ax for several years. When Government lands were opened in Kansas Hill went there and became a "squatter."

Dog His Only Companion in Kansas Wilderness.

For more than a year he lived in the Kansas wilderness with a dog as his only companion. Only twice in that period did he see a human being. After clearing the timber, he built a cabin and began to raise crops. Other squatters settled near by during the next few years, and when the village of Cottonwood, Ark., was founded, Hill became the principal merchant and horse trader.

In 1854 he was appointed postmaster at Cottonwood, Ark., and in 1856 he was appointed postmaster at St. Louis, Mo., and in 1857 he was appointed postmaster at St. Louis, Mo., and in 1858 he was appointed postmaster at St. Louis, Mo.

Colonel Hill came to St. Louis and headed the firm of Hills, Purley & Co., wholesale grocers, on Second street, near Washington avenue. In 1865 he purchased an interest in the Cattle Tobacco Company and began to build up the business from a small plant to a mammoth institution. In 1882, exactly thirty years after he entered the firm, the company sold out to the trust for a sum estimated to have been several million dollars. Colonel Hill was vice president and manager and one of the principal owners. This sale marked his retirement from business.

In marvelous contrast to the log cabin in a Kansas wilderness in the home which his widow now occupies at No. 5065 Lindell boulevard, Hill was a great and simple structure, built of logs, and filled with exquisite art treasures.

Adventures in the East—Mistaken Quarters of Jerusalem.

Among his papers Colonel Hill left the following account of his experience in the Moslem quarters of Jerusalem:

"I groped along the dark streets, realizing that I was lost. Presently I saw a feeble light and heard voices. Then the spawn of perdition began to swarm around me, jostle against and gradually force me toward a ruined stairway, at the foot of which I could dimly discern a doorway. I could not understand their jargon, but I understood their motive, which was probably that of murder."

"Desperation lent wings to my feet; I made for the stairway and pushed at the panel of light. The door opened, and I found myself in an immense edifice, which at first glance I took to be the Church of the Holy Sepulcher."

"Suddenly a turbulent horde began to throng toward me. I realized then that I had hurried into the Mosque of Omar, to enter which at that hour was death to an infidel—a Christian dog. My next impulse was to escape from this new and unlooked-for danger."

"I dashed through an opening to the east and suddenly fell headlong into a deep excavation partly filled with water. I finally managed to get out of the inky hole while the Moslems came up with lanterns. They did not know which direction I had taken upon emerging from the mosque."

Climbed Narrow Ledge to a Tower.

"Upon a near-by wall I discovered a flight of steps. These I climbed, and crawling upon hands and knees along the narrow ledge came to a tower, which barred my progress. Below the archway, looking as close as possible, I crawled back, thinking that at any moment a ray of light thrown upward would reveal my presence."

"In an angle of the wall I found a stairway leading to a subterranean passage. This I descended, finding a huge wooden door, which I opened. My clothing was soaking wet, and the cold was intense. Sheer exhaustion, however, caused me to drop to the stone floor, where I lay. I dozed a little, until the stench became unbearable. I was in a crypt—a dark, moldy passage filled with the dead."

"I stumbled out, and in my confusion passed into a gate where Moslems were praying. While others formed a skirmish line, poking into corners where they thought I might be. My situation was still desperate. But I saw them first, and, stiff and numb, began another run for it through the dark."

Deluge of Rain Washed Debris Into Gutter.

"There is but one gutter, which is in the center of the streets, which rise and fall precipitously. The deluge of rain which was falling and washing the debris into the gutter, was a sight to see. It was a sight to see."

Lights were burning dimly, and I descried a gate—the Damascus gate to the city. "Underneath I found a body of Turkish soldiers, sleeping on their arms. I roused one of the guards and let him know my intentions were peaceable by slipping a Turkish coin into his hand. I was given escort to my hotel. My night's adventure resulted in Asiatic fever and brought on paralysis, from which I have suffered ever since."

Colonel Hill's father and mother were both of Puritan stock, inheriting the sturdy virtues, honesty and frugality of their ancestors. His father settled in Elm Creek Valley, in the southwestern part of New York, in what was then known as the Holland purchase. When Charles was born, in 1834, the settlers lived in log cabins in the forest. It was in a crypt—a dark, moldy passage filled with the dead.

"My father's early life was spent mostly in a woolen factory in Massachusetts, which he left to follow others to a skinning line, poking into corners where they thought I might be. My situation was still desperate. But I saw them first, and, stiff and numb, began another run for it through the dark."

Studied the Bible and Read Shakespeare.

"My evenings were spent in study. The principal textbooks were the Bible, Shakespeare and Plutarch's 'Lives of the Noble Romans.' I was 12 father gave me my first vacation, taking me on a lumber wagon to the New York State fair at Buffalo."

An incident of those days which Colonel Hill often related with evident relish concerned his neighbors the Loveys.

"The trip exhausted his nerves. He had visited an uncle, who had expected to assist him in finding work."

How He Earned a Living Among Strangers.

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Not satisfied with short trips, the youth secured passage to Pittsburgh, by riding shingles aboard the raft. On the trip the river rose from a minimum, the raft became lodged in the trees, and the crew, including him, was rescued by a band of Indians, who put out from the banks in canoes."

He returned home from this trip, but a year later started on a journey to Illinois. He walked most of the way.

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Became a Country Merchant and Horse Trader.

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SHIPS WITH MANY NAMES.

Special Correspondence of The Republic, Republic.

London, July 13.—Three times in the past century Hull has been a name of a proud-looking, armor-plated warship, with a record that the "Flying Dutchman" might envy. Her name is the *St. Helena*, and instead of grinding guns she carries potatoes and mutton. Her gun armament is a pair of pea-green painted steel canons, and her crew-rafts were engines carried her at a peaceful waddle.

She was built in the Clyde some years ago, for the Spanish Navy, and since then has had one of the most exciting histories on record, changing her name each time. She was soon shot through the hull by a Moroccan gunboat, whereupon Spain sold her as a cheap job-lot to the Chile Navy, and she went to South America and trained the whole Chile fleet in gunnery. Then she was seized by the revolutionary leader, Rodriguez of Chile, who manned her and sank two of the rival party cruisers with her. He renamed her the *Vulgar*. Then Rodriguez went for a patrol in her, and sank the British brig *Avon* on suspicion of smuggling weapons. The British Government stepped in promptly, and the *Vulgar* was seized by two British cruisers, and taken to Jamaica. She was put up for auction, bought by an American, who rechristened her the *De la Isla*, and put her to a little filibustering in Cuba, where she was captured by her old friend, Spain, but escaped. She turned up again as the *Princes Rupert*, and set herself out to Nicaragua for \$1500 a month, and was used to bombard San Diego. There she got into trouble with British agents, and finally was sold to a Rio mercantile, Mr. Billa, who turned her into a cargo tramp, and now her one blood-stained deck covers sweet potatoes and frozen meat.

Kipling based his powerful story, "The Devil and the Deep Sea," on the record of an extraordinary "bad character" of a vessel, recently sunk, the steamship *Pennsylvania*. She was built for a grain ship, trading between this country and the States, but soon found the trade too slow.

She vanished, and turned up suddenly in the Gulf of Mexico, where a very big sea was trouble with the British Government for smuggling arms into the Persian Gulf. She slipped away, not an hour too soon to escape capture, and being "wanted" badly, she appeared next as a German vessel on the South American coast, painted red-nosed, and renamed the *Graf Schvabitz*.

The usual cavalcade was in full swing, and she did a trade for some time in the Gulf of Mexico, where a very big sea was trouble with the British Government for smuggling arms into the Persian Gulf. She slipped away, not an hour too soon to escape capture, and being "wanted" badly, she appeared next as a German vessel on the South American coast, painted red-nosed, and renamed the *Graf Schvabitz*.

A very cheery and versatile ship was the *Chrysalis*, which is a good Cornish name and a pity to change. She was built for a very odd purpose—to carry goods between the Pacific Islands, with what other produce she came across. But this was too tame, and she presently entered on a little quiet piracy, without bloodshed, and looted the island of Pygmy. Thereupon both British and German cruisers started to look for her among the maze of islands, but by that time she rejoyed in the name of the *Clan Ogilvie*, and was doing some quiet trading in the near East, unknown to all parties.

Metre. The bus-and-very was raised, and a small, with two days' start of her pursuers, she disappeared more and actually reappeared as a chartered vessel carrying fish from the North Sea to London. This she did not last long, and a little later, as the *St. Helena*, she carried a load of Belgian pillboxes to the West Coast of Africa, and was confiscated and broken up by the British Government.

It was sheer luck and daring that pulled the many named steamship *Loagunda*, built at Belfast, out of so many tight places. She was, unfortunately, always doing something that some nation didn't like, and like the rest of her tribe, found the trading trade slow, and launched on the odd business of poaching timber—a very paying trade. She raided the American coast ports, and when the States became angry and started on her trail she removed herself quietly, changed her name to the *Lim Fjord*, and spent the summer in taking the timber from the woods in Labrador.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the *Waldeck*, and did some salmon-netting at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam. This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abhorred by the Norwegian law, and being properly "wanted" the *Waldeck* did not wait to signal good-bye, but laid the miles over her shoulder till she came to the Azores, where she did a little peaceful fruit-carrying to Bremen, as the *Manitoba*. After that she had the opportunity to let herself to a French syndicate to be used as a tripping steamer for holiday cruises around the Brittany coast, visiting also the British south-coast ports. When the holiday season was at an end, being apparently tired of quiet pursuits, she murdered and still more by the applejack-McGuire and I entered into a lively discussion of the evils of drinking. Alcohol was declared to be the bane of the human race. We hated it, the taste of it, the effects of it were abhorrent, and we could not understand how reasonable human beings could be so befuddled by the use of it. "Old Jack" sat silent and solemn at the head of the table. At last he broke in:

at a huge price by a Spanish syndicate as a regular blockade runner during the Spanish-American War. She earned \$15000 during the short period of the war, and a few holes shot through her smokestack, and was noted as the most successful blockade runner on record. Her crew were all Glasgow and Greenock men. Then she disappeared for six months, but turned up as the "Vital Spark" on the coast of New York, and Northern Australia business, for the price of skins for Paris hats has gone up largely, since bird destruction on this coast has been forbidden.

and the bird of paradise is extremely rare. When this became too dangerous the "Vital Spark" put it up, only to turn up as the "Marmot" in the strictly preserved woods of North-west Britain. Here she set herself to making, and raised the famous seal "to-kieries" of Scotland, and so busy that they have never recovered from it. The pointer, being brought to a fight, she would certainly have been sunk, for she only carried a couple of Maxims, but a fog came to her aid, and she escaped. No longer could have saved her. Finally, as the "White Queen," she broke her back on a sandbank, and was broken up at Hakodate last year.

General Bradley T. Johnson of Virginia tells the following story of General "Stonewall" Jackson's reason for his well-known extreme temperance habits:

"Shortly after the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862," said General Johnson, "General Jackson sent for me to come to his headquarters near Charlottesville, in what is now West Virginia. I went, and he asked me to stay all night."

"Before supper Hunter McGuire, his medical director, took me to his tent, where he produced a canteen of applejack, and then we went into the mess tent. We had three turkeys for supper. Moved and seduced by the old indolence of the devil, as they say in the old indolence of the devil, I still more by the applejack-McGuire and I entered into a lively discussion of the evils of drinking. Alcohol was declared to be the bane of the human race. We hated it, the taste of it, the effects of it were abhorrent, and we could not understand how reasonable human beings could be so befuddled by the use of it. "Old Jack" sat silent and solemn at the head of the table. At last he broke in:

"I differ with you, gentlemen. I like the taste and the effects of it, both. That's the reason I never touch it."

"Tableau! And I never knew to this day whether Jackson's reason for his temperance was not just what he said, whether he did not see from the valuable tongue and brightened eyes what was the cause of our lequacity."

"McGuire always insisted that he was dead in earnest, and had no idea of a joke anywhere at any time."

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S TEMPERANCE.

When Ethel Pong.

Each triumph adds a deeper hue
She sweetly ekes to score a few,
But, missing just within an ace,
There swift ensues a different case.
The world is sad and glum and blue
When Ethel pongs.

MISS LILIAN BOTTCHER,
Of Kansas City.